

LAME FOR FLOOD HORROR IS FIXED.

Water Company Does Not
Even Fall Back on
Its Watchman.

LARM HAS NOT ABATED.

idents of Fishkill and Matte-
wan Fear Another Reservoir
May Break and Deluge Them.

HOUSANDS VIEW THE DEBRIS.

istrict-Attorney Wood Will Go Over
the Case with the Coroner To-day
and Later Will Present it to
the Grand Jury.

ter the consternation and confusion fol-
lowing the death of the child, which
overwhelmed Timonville had
been the pathway of the torrent
which deluged the town. The sun-
shine today, it was an easy matter to fix
responsibility for the loss of life and
erty. Upon the Fishkill and Matte-
wan Company alone does the blame rest,
either or not this corporation will be
to suffer rests with the District-At-
torney of Dutchess County, William Wood,
promises prompt action. To-day
er Bevier will visit the District-At-
torney's office in Poughkeepsie and
day before him all of the evidence
which he has heard bearing upon the dis-
aster. Later the District-Attorney will
the scene of the deluge. On Monday
noon Coroner Bevier will reconvene
ary in the village of Matteawan and
let-Attorney Wood will be present in
interests of the people. The matter
also be brought to the attention of the
Jury.

Fishkill and Matteawan Water Com-
pany, although it is unwilling to shoulder
blame for the breaking of the dams,
only exonerates the aged watchman,
Gordon, to whom was entrusted the
duty of looking after the two reservoirs.
The company insists that a cloud burst
had been the cause of the collapse of
the dams.

Alarm Still Prevails.
Of the direct results of the breaking
of the reservoir and the attendant loss
of a feeling of uneasiness on account
of the North Beacon Reservoir on the
Beacon Mountain, east of Fishkill
township.

The North Beacon Dam is 800 feet higher
than the broken reservoir, and contains
water than the other two combined.
A recent break in the North Beacon
dam, 10,000,000 gallons of water would
flow down on the town of Matteawan
Fishkill and sweep them into the Hud-
son river.

is this feeling of alarm among the
ants of the two towns that led a
large number of people to leave their
homes and go to higher ground. A
guard upon and below the break-
ing of the North Beacon Reservoir. The
flood of the 10,000 population of
Fishkill and Fishkill was not dis-
pelled when it became known that
leaks sprouted again of water from
the borders of the mountain stream
tumbled from the reservoir, down
force, were nervous and uneasy. Al-
though the dam is being repaired, the
reservoir intact and declared there
no danger.

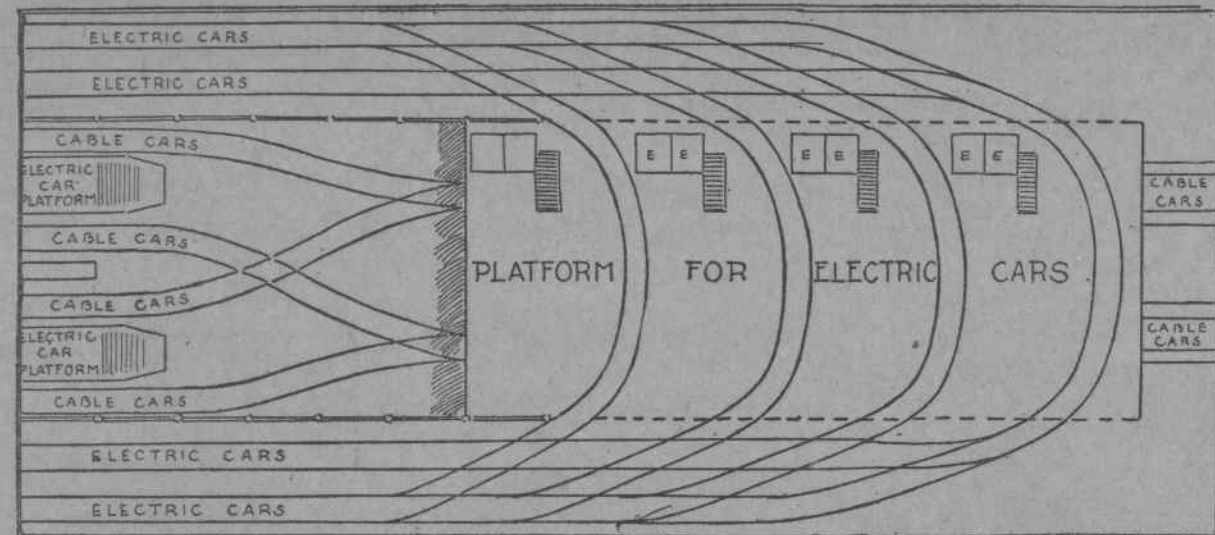
of water shot out from the sides
some breakwater of the North
Reservoir yesterday afternoon. At
one time, mounted upon a large lad-
dle, a man was seen to be working
on the dam. The superintendent of the
reservoir, however, declared that the
work was not being done.

Very About the Company.
Just what basis the Fishkill and
Water Company is organized
vested in it will not divulge. The
owners who have been found are
Talator, of No. 11 Wall street,
City, the president, and Edmund
of Matteawan, the superintendent.
Talator's connection with the
company is purely fiscal.

do not seem to be concerned at all
the catastrophe. He said:
received no report in regard to
the dam, and know nothing
about it except what I have seen in
newspapers. I do not think that I
visit the scene, and I can't say
whether or not the dam will be rebuilt.
I know nothing about the matter.
officers of the company? Oh, I don't
to give them. I don't think it is
a matter that concerns the public. The
responsibility of the company? That I don't
to discuss either.

around H. Sheaff, superintendent of the
dam, deemed for much more inter-
est. He did the president, and spoke
of a great deal of feeling about the
disaster. He was seen at the office of
the Fishkill and Matteawan Com-
pany, just after he had returned from a visit to New
York.

Two dams were as well construct-
ed as any of their class, and under
any conditions could not be swept
away by a cloudburst could not be
swept away. After a long drought
and a very short of water, and were
sinking all that we could. I have
my eye on my desk here now a written
note, made by John Gordon, under date
July 13, the day before this accident oc-



He had just completed a careful
examination of both reservoirs, and in his
report states that the water was then eight
feet below the wasteway. Now, when the
flood swept over the top of the dam the
water was four feet above the wasteway.
This indicates that twelve feet of water
must have been hurled into the upper
reservoir before the dam gave way.

They Blame a Cloudburst.
The two dams were constructed by Pea-
tie Brothers, of Fishkill. W. H. Peattie,
a member of the firm, insists that they
were as well put together as was necessary
for a reservoir of that size, and that nothing
short of a cloudburst could have caused
them to give way.

But they did give way and nobody has
been found in the vicinity of Matteawan or
Dutchess Landing or the reservoirs who
saw a cloudburst. On the other hand, John
Robertson, who is a civil and mechanical
engineer, and who has lived in the locality
near the reservoirs for eighteen years, is
positive that their faulty construction is
the sole explanation of the break.

"It was all due to an insufficient over-
flow," he said yesterday. "The water could
not find an outlet. It overflowed the first
embankment and ate out the gravel and
mud which acted as an apron for the
wall. This can be seen by a glance at the
present condition of the dam. As soon as a
good portion of the outer apron had melted
under the flow of water there was nothing
to support the wall at that point, and it
fell. I have been afraid of this thing for
a long time, and I built my house higher
upon the hill than I would like to have
done, because I don't want it to be
washed down the ravine."

There is no question but that Coroner
Bevier desires to get to the bottom of this
case, and he recognizes the fact that the
bottom is not very deep. He is careful
about expressing an opinion, but does not
hesitate to talk of the very cheap and
flimsy manner in which the two dams at
the twin reservoirs were constructed.

Now, as to the service of John Gordon as
watchman, Gordon is a farmer with two
places to care for. One is in the mountains
and one near the village of Matteawan. He
visited the reservoir at irregular intervals,
and is engaged, according to Superintendent
Sheaff, to notify the company of the
amount of water stored in the reservoirs
rather than for anything else.

Watchman's Statement.
"It was over the dam the day before they
broke," Gordon said yesterday, "and I
didn't notice any leaks. I saw that both
of the waste-pipe barrels were open, and I
can't understand how it was the walls gave
way."

But the throng of sightseers, who clam-
bered up the steep hillside to the place
where the dam broke, could not easily
understand how the dam could have
broken. The Coroner's jury which
visited the scene could also under-
stand it. The dam was a masonry struc-
ture, and the water was not high enough
to break it. The dam was built on a
sloping ground, and the water was not
high enough to break it.

Coroner Bevier was at Timonville early
in the day, and soon had a force of men
searching for the bodies of the two chil-
dren of John Conroy. The wreckage had
scarcely been touched by the work of the
day before. The Coroner's force was aug-
mented by an even larger number of men
working under the direction of F. A. Tim-
onville, the owner of the flooded brickyard.
The only discovery worth noting that was
made during the day was the finding of a
wallet in which Patrick Murphy had kept
\$78, intrusted to him by the workmen who
were boarding in his place. This money
was divided among his owners and re-
turned them from the immediate need which
they had been enduring since the flood
swept away all of their belongings.

The families of those who lost their
all in the flood are utterly destitute. Three
hundred workmen have been thrown out of
employment because of the closing of
Timonville's brick yard.

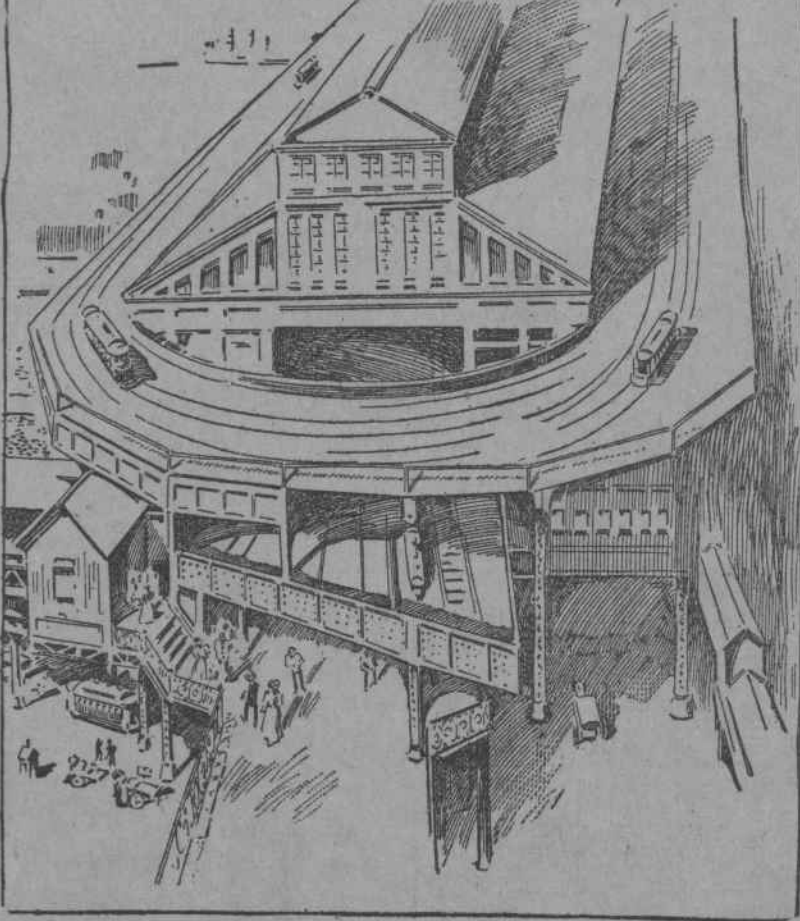
Mr. Timonville cannot get his plant into
shape again this season. It will cost him
fully \$10,000 to replace the machinery and
the drying grounds. He will see the water
company for \$25,000 damages, and several
of the smaller losers will join him in
the litigation.

The bodies of John Conroy's two chil-
dren were not recovered yesterday, but
the Coroner hopes to find them to-day.

A RECEIVER MISSING.
Robert W. Bullock Disappears Rather Mys-
teriously and His Friends Are
Alarmed.

Robert W. Bullock, of No. 316 West One
Hundred and Sixteenth street, who was ap-
pointed receiver of the Holmes-Brunell
Company, a wholesale confectionery firm
doing business at No. 83 Warren street,
which failed six weeks ago, is missing. He
is about twenty-seven years of age, and
was formerly the firm's bookkeeper. He ar-
ranged to dispose of the fixtures at a pri-
vate sale, and has not been heard of since.
He did not appear, and has not been heard of
since by any of his business acquaintances,
including his attorneys, Peck & Field,
of Broadway.

His bonds, for \$8,000, were furnished by
the American Surety Company, and offi-
cials of that concern yesterday said that
while he does not appear strange, no ap-
prehension is felt that there has been any
misuse of the funds in his possession.



Plan Approved by the Trolley Roads for a Bridge Terminal.

ALL the Brooklyn trolley roads have agreed on plan No. 4 as the best means for
securing their terminals at the New York end of the Bridge. This arrange-
ment provides for sixteen large elevators to carry passengers to and from the
trolley platforms, which will be fifty feet above the level of Park row. Rough drafts
of the plan have been submitted to the Bridge trustees, and so far they have ex-
pressed no opposition to the arrangement.

The new plans provide for the loops and platforms of the trolley roads entirely
above the present Bridge tracks and platforms. The trolley cars will load and un-
load in this space, in the extreme western end of the terminal. One Hundred and
eighty feet of the terminal will be used, and there will be four distinct branches or
switches for use by the different lines of the trolley. These four tracks will be
capable of holding eight cars at a time while they load and unload. The floor of this
elevated structure will be asphalted, and the tracks will be laid in the asphalt.
Passengers can thus be enabled to cross the tracks at will, and enter and leave the
cars from both sides.

WHIPPING TO END HER ELOPEMENT.

Maggie Bewsher Had Walked
Sixteen Miles with Her
Sweetheart.

DETECTIVE ARRESTED THEM.

Albany, July 15.—A youth and a maid
nestled close to each other in the police
court here this morning, casting glances
of affection at each other. They would have
kissed had not an austere officer prevented.
She was Margaret Bewsher, aged fifteen,
daughter of a prominent merchant. Her
lover was Joseph Clemens, aged seventeen.
Their elopement was rudely interrupted.
He was charged with abduction, she with
being a disorderly child. The Court found
both innocent. Joe said: "Be true to me,
Maggie," and went home. She cried and
went home, her father promising her a
strapping.

The loving couple strolled in the park last
Sunday until midnight. Maggie feared to
go home. "Come with me," said Joe, "we'll
get married and you won't get licked any
more on my account."

In the early light they went over the
creek path to Schenectady; they walked
eighteen miles, and their breakfast was
about 10 o'clock they arrived in the town
of electric works and went to the house
of Nicholas Green, on Craig street, Joe's
uncle, where they had a more substantial
meal.

Life then, they thought, was about to be
plunged into a sea of roses. They talked
of marriage. Detective Sweeney knocked
at the door next day and told his errand.
Then life received a bath of briny tears.
Margaret offered to walk back—it would
take longer—but the detective was pro-
vided with ample car fare, and the lovers

rode home arm in arm, cheek to cheek,
pledging in hundreds of kisses never to
part, no matter what happened.

Perhaps it was just as well for Joseph
that the arm of the law stepped in when it
did, for Mr. Bewsher was not at home
last night. He had put a trunk strap and
a large shotgun into a wagon, and was
driving over the Schenectady turnpike. As
it was, Joseph spent the night in a cell,
and Margaret was turned over to her
mother, to appear in court this morning.
Joe swears he will outwit Papa Bewsher,
yet have Maggie, who has promised to
be true. Joe is a slight youth of hardly a
hundred weight. His love is a buxom,
red-cheeked lass, who would have to train
for months to reach his class. But they
love.

IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

Miss Jessie Shay, the talented American
pianist and pupil of Alexander Lambert, who
will return to America in August.

The evening trips on board the steamer
Grand Republic are now in full tide of popu-
larity. John W. Hancock, leader of a com-
pany which supersedes any of the regular weekly
changes of programmes thus far provided on the
boat.

The St. Nicholas Music Hall, at Sixty-sixth
street and Columbus avenue, has been leased by
Hurtle & Seamon, the vaudeville agents, who
will open the house on July 24. The new man-
agement announces a first-class programme, a
female orchestra and an admission of 25 cents
to all parts of the house.

Marie Hansen, who stars in "The Nancy
Hanks" next season, will spend a few weeks
at Cape Breton, on the coast of Labrador, before
commencing rehearsals. She has made an ar-
rangement with a magazine for a series of pen
and ink sketches, which will show the domestic
side of the inhabitants of Cape Breton.

At a recent meeting of the Association of
Travelling Variety Managers of America it was
agreed that, beginning with the season of 1898
and 1899, to discontinue the use of window
lithographs. Wall and stand work and the
newspapers will continue as a means of adver-
tising. All the prominent vaudeville managers
are members of the association.

The litigation between Harry Hammerstein
and Jack Kahn over the Columbus Theatre, has been
adjusted. Mr. Kahn has purchased Mr. Ham-
merstein's share in the business, and will conduct
the theatre under his sole management. Mr.
Kahn has contracted with Manager George A.
Rummenal, of the Harlem Opera House, to take
charge of the bookings for the theatre. The
house is being renovated, and will open Au-
gust 21.

RUNAWAY DASHES INTO BIKE PARADE.

Two Dozen Cyclists Injured
in Brooklyn, One
Mortally.

SCRAMBLE FOR SAFETY.

Bicycle Policeman Seizes the
Maddened Horse and Is
Dragged Along.

A runaway horse attached to a buggy
dashed into the parade of wheelmen and
wheelmen in Brooklyn last night. At least
two dozen people on wheels were hurt, of
whom one had his skull fractured and will
probably die. Very many bicycles were
smashed. There was the utmost excite-
ment, for there was the utmost danger to
those in the parade.

The parade was held under the auspices
of the Long Island Associated Bicycle
Clubs. It was to celebrate the completion
of asphalt pavement on Leonard street
and of the opening of the street to wheel-
men. It was a very gay parade. Many
of the wheels were decorated, and nearly every
bike bore a lighted colored lantern. As they
pedaled along, the happy bicyclists sang
choruses, to which great crowds on the
sidewalks listened and to which they
applauded.

Now, unfortunately Charles H. Van Beu-
ren, of No. 83 Hooper street, Williamsburg,
took his wife driving last evening. They
went to Prospect Park, and were returning
along Bedford avenue at 10:45 p. m. At
the moment they arrived under the "L"
road at Fulton street the bicycle parade, a
block below them, was turning from one
side of Bedford avenue to the other, around
the statue of General Grant, which stands
in the open space before the Union League
Club house. Most of the parade had
passed, and the fourth and fifth divisions
were wheeling around the statue.

A passing train on the "L" road over-
heard frightened Mr. Van Beuren's horse.
Van Beuren tugged at the reins all his
might, but the horse was unmanageable.
He dashed along the block, and while
warning cries echoed he ran, jump into
the ranks of the parading bicyclists. Scared
they scattered here and there, many women
and men falling and bruising themselves
in the frightened haste.

Mounted Policeman Bolmer, of the Park
bicycle squad, grabbed the horse's bridle,
but the horse reared and plunged and sped
toward the ranks of the parading bicyclists. He
hit him with his knees and trampling
him with his hoofs, while Mrs. Van Beu-
ren's shrieks added to the excitement and
confusion. Finally Bolmer, who belongs to
the Farmer's Bicycle Club, was forced to
let go his hold and fell severely bruised.

Meantime, many of the bicyclists, jump-
ing from their wheels, were trying to get
here and there, but most of the paraders
stuck to their bikes and sought, by expert
dodging, to escape the runaway. In doing
so, looking over their shoulders and wheel-
ing at every angle, they collided with each
other, and many of them were spilled. But
these were not badly hurt.

Having freed himself from Bolmer's grasp
the runaway kept on at full gallop through
the ranks of the paraders, who readily
were thrown into a bunch of riders ahead
crowded with them, and it seemed impos-
sible to escape the pounding hoofs. At Han-
cock street, a block below the statue,
which is at St. Marks avenue, the horse
struck Charles Rosenthal, of No. 143 Man-
hatter street, who was whirled with terri-
ble force heading into a bunch of riders ahead
of him, upsetting some of them. Rosent-
hal lay unconscious, for his skull was fractured.
He was carried into Guy's drug store,
where a vain attempt was made to
bring him to his senses, and afterward he
was taken in an ambulance to St. John's
Hospital.

The horse kept on, Van Beuren yelling
at him and saving at the reins, the bicy-
clists scorching before him. He ran into
one company of wheelmen, who were in all
directions, but it seemed that he must run
down Misses Carrie and Mary Diemmen,
sisters, living at No. 113 Oak street, Brook-
lyn, who were riding a pretty decorated
tandem, and who had added much to the
beauty and jollity of the parade. These
two young women were instantly paralyzed
from fright, and therefore helpless.

Arthur Engleman, of No. 151 Greenpoint
avenue, who belongs to the Happy Go
Lucky Club, heavily and deliberately
wheeled between the horse and the young
women's tandem throwing himself from his
bike as he shoved it in front of the horse
to impede his flight. The wheel was an
offering to beauty and saved the women

from perhaps death from injury, for the
horse snied off.

But he ran on. He knocked Albert
Gould, of No. 133 Nassau street, Brooklyn,
from his wheel and bruised Mr. Gould's
knee so badly that he had to go home in
a cab.

Finally a number of hostlers ran out from
a stable and seized the runaway's bridle.
A mob of wheelmen helped them to stop
the animal, that reared and plunged until
he upset the buggy and threw out Mr. and
Mrs. Van Beuren. They were slightly
hurt. His collisions with so many bicycles
had cut the horse badly about the breast
and shoulder, and he bled profusely. In
stopping the horse, H. A. Pedler, a wheel-
man, was hurt.

Many bicyclists demanded Van Beuren's
arrest, but the police did not take him into
custody.

BULLET ENDS HIS FEAR.

W. Scott Clerhugh Was in Great Dread
Lest He Should Be Burned Alive, and
His Life Will Pay for It.

For fear that he would be buried alive,
W. Scott Clerhugh, sixty-eight years old,
attended to his earthly affairs with great
detail last night, then went to bed, after
arranging a mirror so he could see the
side of his head, and sent a bullet into his
brain.

Clerhugh was an insurance broker. He
was well-to-do, and occupied apartments
at No. 115 Lawrence street, Brooklyn. His
wife died several years ago, and he had
no children. He had been ill of late, and
often said he feared he would not live
long. He often spoke of the arrangements
for his funeral, and told his friends to be
sure he was dead before they buried him.
He said he feared he would be buried
alive.

Clerhugh retired to his room after din-
ner last night. Mrs. Holz, the landlady,
heard a shot a half hour later, and ran
up to his room. She burst open the door
and found the old man lying unconscious
on the bed, with a .38 calibre revolver in his
hand. An ambulance was hastily sum-
moned and Clerhugh was removed to the
Homeopathic Hospital.

The police of the Adams Street Station
found this letter, addressed to John Cler-
hugh:

Dear Brother Jack:
I can't see this agony, so I join us all.
Look after the business. All the things you
will give as you see yourself. My bank
books are getting made up. I feel very bad.
You know the terror I have always been in
about being buried alive. Be sure and have
Dr. Anstett see the heart at once. The last
Years sincerely, W. S. CLERHUGH.

The police found a mirror set on the
desk at the head of the bed, so tilted as to
show the side of the head when lying
down.

At the hospital last night it was said the
man could not live.

THE GREATEST VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAIN-
MENT EVER GIVEN IN NEW YORK CITY
will be presented at the Olympia to-night.
No advance in prices.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE
EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND
"PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts,
was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same
that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every
bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper.
This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been
used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty
years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is
the kind you have always bought on the
and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrap-
per. No one has authority from me to use my name except
The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is
President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a
cheap substitute which some druggists may offer you (be-
cause he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients
of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

Bears the Fac-Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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The Kind that Never Failed You.

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CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure,
and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLV-
ENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor
cures, when all else fails.

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Low's Exchange, 3 Northumberland Ave., W. C.
Smith, Ainslie & Co., Ormonde House, 28 Newcastle St., Strand.

JUST A HINT ABOUT FOUR OF THE FEATURES IN NEXT SUNDAY'S JOURNAL.

HONEYMOON IN A TREE TOP.

A curious habitation in which a newly
wed couple have taken up their abode is
a tiny tree from the ground. Just
above the branches of a lofty tree begin to
from the main trunk they have built
up a tiny hut. This is reached by
a rope ladder. The ladder is
up when the couple have retreated
to the world, thus entirely cutting them off
from the world. The hut is neatly fur-
nished. The young wife tells how she
came to her tree-top, how she
describes the time when her husband is away,
and how she describes the time when he is
home. The young wife tells how she
describes the time when her husband is away,
and how she describes the time when he is
home. The young wife tells how she
describes the time when her husband is away,
and how she describes the time when he is
home.



TO STUDY THE SUN SPOT.

The eclipse of the sun which is now ap-
proaching will be visible from all parts
of the United States. This eclipse takes
place July 29, and astronomers in all parts
of the country are now preparing to ob-
serve it. It has an important bearing on
terrestrial conditions. The sun spot will
then be placed under observation as the
disk of the great orb is obscured, and we
shall learn just what changes have been
taking place there, and possibly secure an
explanation of recent phenomena on this
earth. The recent tidal wave in the West
India, the renewed activity of volcanoes
long regarded as extinct, the electrical and
magnetic storms that have disturbed Eu-
rope and America, are only a few of the
convulsions attributed to solar disturbances,
and whose origin the eclipse may explain.



AN AVALANCHE OF HORSES.

A remarkable story which describes the
awful plunge over a 200-foot precipice of
several herds of splendid horses. These an-
imals were dashed to death on the rocks
below, and the question has now been
raised what to do with their bones. They
were driven to their death by a party of
Americans because they lived in a country
already overrun with horses, and where
they were consuming food needed for other
four-footed animals. These horses, if trans-
ported to New York, would have been
worth thousands of dollars. The scheme to
kill them by wholesale by driving them
over the edge of a precipice was adopted
as a last resort after every other method
to reduce their number had failed.



A VISIT TO THE COAL STRIKERS.

The sympathy of the country has been ex-
cited by the wretched plight of the coal
strikers, who are now united in an effort
to increase the pitiful wages the coal
barons have doled out to them. They are
making a struggle for existence against the
combined forces of capital, and their wives
and children are in many instances on the
verge of starvation. In order to learn just
how these people live, what their lives are
like, what, if any, comforts they enjoy, and
whether or not they have been receiving a
fair return for their labor, Whitford Black
has gone into their homes, talked with
their wives and children and studied the
strife situation on the ground.